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GIVEN BY

Edwin Phillips

14

Sung by

Mrs. H. E. Sawyer.

He thinks I do not love him

SONG

BY
M^{rs}. M. E. SAINTON DOLBY.

Soprano

Alto



BOSTON.

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EDWIN PHILLIPPS
Oct. 6, 1916

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HE THINKS I DO NOT LOVE HIM!

Song.

Words by Miss G. M. Burnside.

Music by Mme Sainton Dolby.

Andante.

1. He
3. But

p rit.

a tempo

thinks I do not love him, he be - lieves each word I said, And he
while the girl was weep - ing, in her cot - tage home that night, There was

sail'd a - way in sor - row, ere the sun had left his bed, I'd have
woe up - on the wa - ters, sounds of ter - ror and af - fright; And the

3414=5

Another Edition may be had in Bb.

told the truth this morn - ing, but the ship is out of sight, Oh! I
 morn - ing sun - light, on - ly show'd the wrecks a - long the shore; Women

wish these waves could bring him where we part - ed yes - ter - night.
 wail - ing for their kin - dred, who would greet them nev - er more.

2. My
 4. And be -

dolce.

heart was beat - ing loud - ly with a new sweet happiness, When he
 - side the ru - in'd boat house, in the shel - ter'd san - dy cove, Where the

told me how he lov'd me in that fond shy voice of his, And I
 sai - lor led so shy - ly, told the maiden of his love; Laugh - ing

would not speak or heed him, tho' his face grew white with pain, And
 waves had laid him gen - tly, his last si - lent tryst to keep; With his

poco più lento.

now he will for - get me, ere his
 dead lips soft - ly part - ed, like a

legato.

molto rit.

ship comes home a - gain. his ship comes home a - gain,..... He
 lit - tle child a - sleep; like a lit - tle child a - sleep;..... They

colla voce.

thinks I do not love him, he be - lieves each word I said, And he
 met where they had part - ed, and she saw his face a - gain, With its

sail'd a - way in sor - row, ere the sun had left his bed, I'd have
 life gone out for ev - er, and its pas - sion, and its pain; And the

told the truth this morn - ing, but the ship is out of sight, Oh! I
 maid - en bro - ken - heart - ed, rain - ing kiss - es on his brow, Thought the

wish these waves could bring him where we part - ed yes - ter - night.
 an - gels must have told him, for he knows I love him now.

D.S.

p
 He knows I lov'd him now.

dim.

molto rit.
 He knows I lov'd him now.

f *p*

p *pp* *rall.*

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